





SCENE IN THE GRAND STAND AT MORRIS PARK'S OPENING DAY'S RACES.

COUNTER TENOR

Thrilling Finish, with Heads whole Between Three, for the Metropolitan.

Grand Sport and an Enthusiastic Crowd Greet Morris Park's Opening.

Society Turns Out in Greater Force Than Since the Palmiest Days of "America's Goodwood."

FIRST RACE FOR BLEMTON COLORS.

Casseopia, Daughter of Friar's Balsam, Carries the Famous "Barbarity Scarlet" of the Morris Family to the Front in the Juvenile.

1896 was opened under circumstances that fast.

weather. It was warm, but the sun shope through a tempering shield of hazy vapor, and a delicious breeze from the Sound swept through the mammoth grandstand, cooling the brows of winners and losers alike. It was an ideal racing day. There was no clarked beat to make the research to the strength and strength the bookmakers, who return the bookmakers, who return the fields were so fresh and green, the fields were so lovely, dotted with the saffron blooms of dandelions and buttercups, the foliage on the trees so resting to the eye and the six so frestrant with the was no glaring hent to make the perspec-tive of magnificent distances, when the horses were on the backstretch, painful losers as there may have been must have to teh eye, even through glasses-and those gained something for having been a thorsylendid stretches of field, lawn and course oughbred among thoroughbreds for the are straining to one's optic nerves some. nonce. times, even when the sun is completely No day's racing could have gone more

yesterday.

There was not a shabby man or woman In the throng of 12,000. The men wore Spring sults of the newest and most approved pattern and cut, while the gowns of the women were as bewitching as the women themselves were charming. The world of fashion was more largely represented than upon any opening day of a racing season for many years.

Willie K. Vanderbilt was there, so was August Belmont, one representing mill-lons devoted to the pursuit of pleasure, the other millions invested in a great finan-cial institution. Mrs. James P. Kernochan, mother of James L., the intrepid cross-country rider, graced the stand with her presence, although she has heretofore made it a rule to attend only the select races of the Country Club. Near her sat Mrs. "Bordle" Harriman, the most stylishly at-

tired woman in the great assemblage. As to the rest of the crowd, it was composed, so far as the men were concerned, of prominent representatives of all the walks of life, professional, business and otherwise. Among the most conspicuous, if not the most prominent, of these were Berry Wall and "Bob" Hilliard, both of whom wore check suits that were heard in the grand stand when the wearers alighted from the train.

A COSTUME OF NOTE. There was one woman in the crowd who wore a costume that would have made Fougere wild with envy. Her skirt was of black satin. The waist of lemon-colored gauze, had puffed sleeves of the same sort of material, the proportions of which were enormous. Around the sleeves were black bands of satifi. A row of lemon-colored ostrich feathers ran around at the shoulders, sticking out like Easter lilles, and a similar row of feathers formed the neck band. Her hat was one gigantic plume of feathers of the same color.

As for the horses, they are and looked as thoroughly thoroughbred as anything on earth can be. How high strung they were,

body, or nearly everybody, was wrong, for young Colonel Ruppert's Counter Tenor the law that the Pollee Counter the law the la won by a narrow margin in the last two strides from St. Maxim, and poor Sir Walter had to put up with third place.

How the people cheered and roared as the horses came down the stretch, so close together that the leader could hardly be discerned, leaving a cloud of dust behind? There were shouts of "Dorian wins!" "Sir Walter, Sir Walter!" "It's Rubicon!"
"Counter Tenor leads!" "Hornpipe gets
it!" and these confusing roars continued until Hamilton, riding like a demon, lifted Counter Tenor across the line almost in the

Then there were more cheers when the dusky hero rede up to weigh in and was carried off seated in the usual floral horse-

The racing was of the highest possible Everything was thoroughbred at Morris class, and the finishes were for the most Park yesterday, when the racing season of part of the sort that cause the blood to tingle and the heart to pulse almost too

THE SPOT PLEASED EVERY ONE. Not one person left Morris Park after In the first place, there was perfect the last race, not even a loser, if there

pleasantly. Everything happened as if And it was a thoroughbred crowd of "made to order." Mr. Belmont's victory spectators that filled the stand, the lawn, in the first race with the colt for which he the field and the paddock. Not for at least three years has so large an assemblage lar. His colors were applauded going to

bow fit to run for a kingdom, as they paraded before the stand. And how the paraded before the stand. And how the lawns cheered the thoroughbreds in the course and their riders! It was an enthalting and the horses and jock- the stand and the horses and jock- the stand and the horses and jock- the stand and the horses and jock- the stand and jock- the stand and jock- the stand and jock- the stand and the horses and jock- the stand and the horses and jock- the stand and jock- the jock- the stand and jock- the joc

lawns cheered the thorougnoreus on the course and their riders! It was an enthusiated crowd, and the horses and jock-the "all scarlet" should be to the front in eighth Street Police Court, David Gideon thusiated crowd, and the horses and jock-the "all scarlet" should be to the front in eighth Street Police Court, David Gideon as take was pre-eminently fitting at Morris accompanying him to furnish ball for his appearance. Previous fo this there had plause. Never was the racing more explause. Never was the racing more explause. Society was out in force.

| Note the following of the court of the cou citing; never the finishes closer, as a of the costly experiment the late Mr. John had been a slight passage at arms between Mr. Society was brilliantly represented, espewhole.

A. Morris made in sending his crack mares

varro, Frank K. Sturgis, John G. Hecksher, whole.

Everybody was sorry that Henry of Navarre did not start in the great Metropolitan Handicap. There is a horse that the people love. But everybody said that Sir Walter should win with Henry out. Everybody, or nearly everybody, was wrong, for young Colonel Ruppert's Counter Tenor won by a narrow margin in the last two Charles Reed, A. F. Walcott, Gilbert Hare Heyward Hunter, Henry Alexander, J. H. Bradford, J. B. Haggin, J. Otto Donner, Theodore Havemeyer and Edmund Ran THE SKIRMISH AT THE POST. They lined up promptly, but Counte Tenor, who had drawn the outside posi-

tion refused to hold his place. Five minutes were spent in vain attempts to get something like an even break, then came what looked like a chance. All broke, but Rubleon had come through on a run, and the flags remained up.

Clayton was cautioned not to try this again, and soon came a chance which brought the signal that the coatest had begun. Hornpipe was on the rail, and in front when the word was given, but the others were well up. Counter Tenor, who was last, being lapped on the bunch.

Before the turning flag was reached it start if

draw out clear, and at the end of the mile his backers were proclaiming an easy vicible health. tory for him; but Counter Tenor and St.

Maxim soon ended this exultation. Both were being as hard ridden as the leader, and it was soon evident that they were gaining. Slowly and slowly they crept up, gaining. Slowly and slowly they crept up, but as the leader was running game and such la true it looked as if he might last the jour-



Before the turning flag was reached it was seen that Hornpipe's mission was to set the pace, for Hill rushed him along until there was daylight between him and Sir Walter, who was leading the others.

Mounting the hill Taral closed the gap with Sir Walter, and as he made his move there was a hurrying of those behind him. Rounding into the home stretch, Sir Walter and Hornpipe were head and head, with Dorian and St. Maxim making a good struggle for third position.

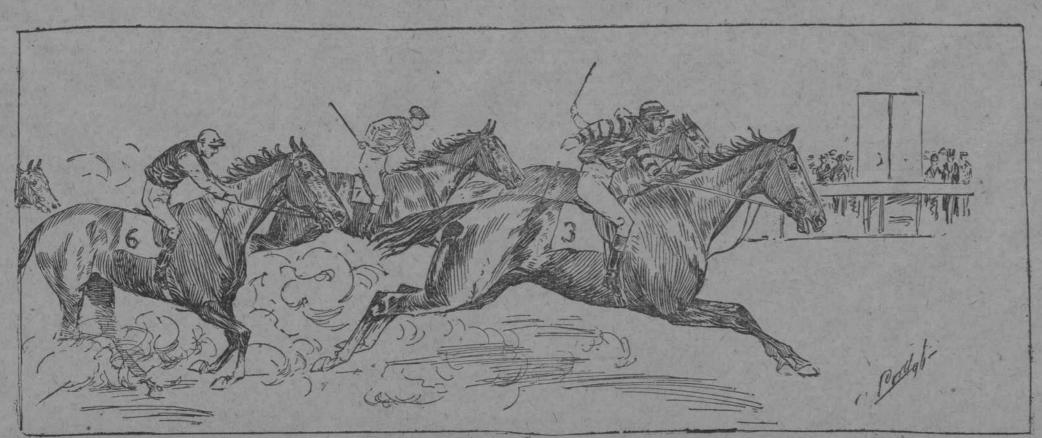
At the end of seven furlongs Hornpipe was in trouble, and as he began to lose ground Taral seemed to redouble his efforts on Sir Walter. The move enabled him to draw out clear, and at the end of the mile





Press reporter, who lives at 1916 Maple Ave., Huntington, W. Va., has knowledge of the remarkable cure of Mrs. Martha Gilkison, the wife of a carpenter of the east end of the city, who, on the 224 of September, 1895, related her experience as follows: 'For a good many years I have been bothered an awful sight with my stomach. I got so I couldn't est snything at all without souring on my stomach Lots of times while working I would upth up great mouthfuls of stuff bitter as gall. I kept getting worse all the time, and took piles of doctor medicine, but I might as well took that much starch for all the good it done me. It run luto neuralgia of the stomach and worked itself all over me. Dr. Gardener, the new doctor up on 20th street, told me when I saw him it was my stomach that caused all the trouble, and give me an order to the drug store. I took it there, and the boy give me a box of Ripans Tabules. I began getting better, and have used a little over two boxes, and am now sound and well. (signed,) Martha Cilkison, No. 1820 Fou Ave., Huntington, W. Va.





COUNTER TENOR WINNING THE METROPOLITAN HANDICAP.